

THE SALT LAKE HERALD-REPUBLICAN

The Inter-Mountain Republican
(Est. Feb. 12, 1896.)
The Salt Lake Herald
(Est. June 6, 1870.)

Only Republican Daily Newspaper in
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Terms of Subscription:
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THE HERALD-REPUBLICAN.

It will be the aim of the new paper to
deserve the approval of all good people.
For the judgment of others we are not
greatly concerned.

We believe that Salt Lake is destined to
be the most populous city from the
Missouri river to the Pacific. The land
and the mines and the men are here.
Time will furnish the only required fac-
tor. The paper that can fitly represent
such a people and such a country must
be progressive in the best sense of that
term. It must reflect always the best in
the community. It must oppose the
worst. It must be truthful, and fear-
less, and clean. Readers may be as-
sured The Herald-Republican will an-
swer that demand.

Only one purpose inspires endeavor
here, and that is the advancement of
our state to the splendid place where
the God of Nations prepared it to stand.
We hold there rests in the soil and the
mines and the manhood of Utah all the
elements needed for the making of a
state greater in population than any
other west of the river, bigger in pro-
ductiveness, and more effective in ex-
pressing the essentials of American
manhood. And there can be no prouder
work than assisting in realizing to the
fullest those matchless potentialities.

In politics, this will be a Republican
paper. The spirit of fairness which has
characterized both the Inter-Mountain
Republican and the Salt Lake Herald
will be preserved. And no deserving
man shall suffer in these columns be-
cause of his politics, or his religion.

With a high regard for the people of
this community, with a deep apprecia-
tion of the opportunity afforded by this
new and vastly strengthened paper,
with a sincere desire to serve the pub-
lic honestly and well, we advance con-
fidently on the new field, asking no
favors we do not deserve, and fairly
sure of getting whatever we may earn.

IS THE SOLDIER SUPREME?

For a year Salt Lake has been pre-
paring to receive and entertain the sol-
diers. For a week our people have vied
with each other giving honor to sol-
diers. On Wednesday men and women
quitting their homes to cheer the march-
ing bands. The fife and drum made better music
"than choirs of angels ever voiced on
perfumed night." And the bands that
played martial strains were in demand
all the time.

Yet the war in which these soldiers
engaged closed over forty years ago.

Is there any association in the coun-
try, from ocean to ocean, that could
bring together so many men? Is there
any organization for which Salt Lake
would give so much money—whether or
not the dollars ever came back? Could
scholars have waked the enthusiasm
that greeted those veterans? Suppose
all the richest men in the nation—the
men of whose multiplied millions we
all read—had gathered at the monument
and walked down to Seventh South.
Would they have made the deep impres-
sion on heart and soul that was made
by the men who once were soldiers?

Does a carriage draw as much at-
tention as a cannon? Will an armful
of dividend-paying mining stock catch
the eye as quickly as does a musket, or
a drawn sword? Does the best-dressed
man in the country win the favor that
is assured the genuine soldier in a uni-
form?

At the peace congress in Monohk last
May there was a surfeit of dove-tail.
Eloquence disarmed the nations, and
epigram demolished the fortifications.
There was nothing but plowshares and
pruning hooks in the workshops of the
world. And good men slept through the
sessions, while women talked to each
other of salads, and how they made
their gowns. All of a sudden a little
minister got up and said:

In a day or two I have been asked to
preach before the cadets at West Point.
Would you have me tell them that they
are following a profession which is de-
graded, barbaric, and unworthy of patri-
ots and gentlemen? Not I! I shall tell
them that they are preparing themselves
for the very noblest and most sacred of
all duties—the duty of facing danger and
of fighting to the death for the welfare
and glory of their country!

And before he reached the middle of
his speech they were cheering him. At
the close he had the whole peace con-
vention standing up and yelling for
war. The only thing the delegates re-
membered about The Hague was that
William of Orange bathed it in the
blood of his enemies, and then marched
through its streets to take and wear the
crown of all the world.

War is a terrible thing. And yet,
down under all the smooth small talk
of the millions, there waits a controlling
giant who can be summoned to mag-
nificent action by the roll of the drum.
The war spirit has been in the world
since the first two men fronted each
other. And it seems likely to remain
till the last two shall have settled their
differences.

THAW AND CIVILIZATION.

The young man who killed Stanford
White and then defended himself with
the pie of insanity, has been taken at
his word. Civilization has sent him
back to the asylum—to the prison for
insane criminals.

As men go, and gauged by those who
tried him, he is probably as sane as the
average resident of New York. His an-

swers to Mr. Jerome could not have
come from a mind unbalanced. There
was a degree of mental swiftness and
intellectual strength in his conduct of
himself throughout the trial which can-
not be consistently taken as evidence of
insanity. He is a fairly clever man.

Thaw has never contended that he
was insane the day before he shot
White, nor that he was mentally in-
capable the day afterward. He was
sane then, on his own declaration. He
is as sane now. But no one will pre-
tend that he is more sane now than he
was then. Nothing has happened in
these months to make him more respon-
sible.

And nothing has happened to make
him morally a better man. No court,
representing civilization—and that is
what courts should do—can say that
Thaw would not return to his habitual
course of immorality—to a life precisely
like that he followed before the murder.
If he should do so, no community has
assurance that he will not again become
insane, and take the life of some other
man. Therefore, and on his own show-
ing, it is not wise to restore him to lib-
erty.

Stanford White was a valuable man.
Immoral he certainly was, but he gave
some compensation. He helped to beau-
tify the world, to build and to perpet-
uate worthy ideals in structures that
will stand for a century. It would be
a sad commentary on civilization's
ability to protect itself if that man
should be erased by a worthless, a mor-
ally depraved and a mentally unbal-
anced man, and then after two years
that murderer should become a hero-
triumphantly released—and thus be-
come the preferred type of twentieth
century manhood.

The court did right. Thaw should
spend his life in prison.

THE ENCAMPMENT AT SALT LAKE.

Old soldiers and their friends declare
they will always gratefully remember
Salt Lake, and their experiences here
during the forty-third annual encamp-
ment. They are glad they came to
this city. That is the general judgment
of the men whose good opinion the
people of Utah desired to win.

Some experiences of other cities have
been unknown here. No one needed to
"walk the streets at night" this year.
There were beds for every one, and
plenty to eat. And there were no rob-
ber prices. Here and there a man may
complain, but investigation has always
shown that misunderstanding and not
extortion was the cause of it. Every
responsible man and woman here, every
one who represented anything definite
in Salt Lake, has sought above all
things to make the stay of the visitors
pleasant; to care for their comfort; to
supply their reasonable wants, and to
illustrate in this company the uniform
Utah courtesy to all strangers.

We think the people of Salt Lake are
to be commended. They have proved
that no crowd can embarrass them.
There was a general co-operation of
householders with the managing com-
mittees. No discomfort was permitted
to stand in the way of that service
which all felt was due to those who
came to the city during encampment
week. So that, at their homes, on the
cars, in the streets—everywhere, the
general effort has been to entertain.
And the people have been successful.

And the Grand Army men have ac-
quitted themselves admirably. They are
men of advanced age, but they have
marched, they have deliberated, they
have achieved, with an energy and a
wisdom not excelled by any one. They
have given a great and appreciated les-
son to Utah. They have helped the
spirit of national loyalty in this moun-
tain state. They have given vitality to
patriotism because here have been ten
thousand men who made definite expres-
sion of it on the field of battle.

The good word of these men and the
women who came with them will be
worth much money to Utah, and to the
cities of the state.

WHAT KIND OF IMMIGRANTS?

In another column appears an ad-
mirable poem by Herbert Kaufman, a
contributor to The Bookman. It is en-
titled "The Stainless Banner" and it ex-
presses the question: "What kind of im-
migrants should be welcomed by the
United States?"

There is nothing ungracious in the
poem. True, the grade of foreign con-
tribution to America's citizenship is not
so high as it was a hundred years ago.
But there is this similarity: The quality
of enterprise is found in both cases.
Those venturesome heroes who left Eng-
land or Germany or Holland or France
for the new land may have brought
money. Most of them were men of fair
fortune. But what was of more worth
to the new nation they helped to build
was their enterprise, their progressiveness,
their power of initiative.

And that quality is found in the im-
migrant of today. The very fact that
he is here is proof of it. Fellows with-
out it remain at home, and "bear the
ills they have."

Maybe the immigrant himself will not
be especially helpful. But his children
are better. The Irish who came over
in the fifties were far from pleasant to
look upon. But there is not finer race
in the world, and none better looking,
than the sons and daughters of those
rough old Celts—who got here just in
time for war—and bore their brave part
in it.

America will do her duty to the im-
migrant. And experience proves the im-
migrant will be loyal to the land that
receives him.

"GUESS I'M ALL THAT'S LEFT."

Two old soldiers met, and as they
shook hands one asked for another com-
rade whom both had seen at previous
encampments.

"He's gone," said the other soldier.
"I guess I'm all that's left of my regi-
ment."

That is an immensely impressive
statement. The last one of a thousand
men who marched and slept and fought
side by side! They were bound together
by the closest ties possible to imagine.

In all the strength and vigor and ef-
fectiveness of young manhood, they
moved until all became as one. And the
regiment was a unit.

And now all have dropped away, a
man at a time, till this veteran re-
mained alone of all the thousand.

How many regiments have vanished
utterly? How many have sunk under
shot and shell, or the sabre's stroke,
or withered away in the hospital, or
closed eyes and crossed hands in the
quiet of peaceful days when the home
succeeded the strife of wartime?

One by one they have vanished. But
the lesson of their lives will remain
when the last survivor of all the regi-
ments shall have passed away.

THE WAY TO IRRIGATION.

If these gentlemen who attend ir-
rigation congresses, and the other gen-
tlemen who read what happens at such
places, do not quit quarrelling about
methods, the task of watering the desert
will be difficult.

Some insist that private corporations
and individuals be permitted to build
reservoirs and construct ditches; others,
that the government withdraw all water
reserves, and hold them for later de-
velopment by national initiative.

But there is reason to believe the
parching earth doesn't care a great deal
whether water reaches it through a pri-
vate or a government ditch. And if the
desert can be made to bloom any
quicker by encouraging private capital
to utilize the blessings of the streams,
then all hail to private capital. And
if the government has fully conceded
that putting water on the land is a
work of immediate necessity, then let
the government go ahead.

Utah, for example, isn't over and
above particular. The only requirement
of our people is that the water be sup-
plied to the land—that the land may
bear foodstuffs and fruit—to the feed-
ing of the nation.

ENCAMPMENT NOTES.

Five thousand people a day were con-
ducted through the Temple grounds.
Every courtesy was paid them, and the
thing about which they were most curi-
ous of all Salt Lake's possessions didn't
prove a disappointment.

Many an old soldier cooled his feet
in the running water at the curbs in
the pauses of his march on Wednes-
day. They will never forget that fea-
ture of the city which latest entertained
them.

It was the first time the soldiers ever
were able to counter-march on one street.
Never before—excepting when they
marched in Pennsylvania avenue in
Washington—have individuals in the
ranks been able to see their own com-
rades marching. And they like it.

There was an endless succession of
interesting stories of reunions. It is
unfortunate that they could not be pre-
served in permanent form. For in no
other phase of the whole week's activi-
ties was there so great a demonstra-
tion of accident contributing to the
happiness of men.

Incidentally, the town was on its good
behavior. The saloons are said to have
been busy. But there was very little
drunkenness. And that form of cele-
bration was confined to the legion that
doesn't wear the bronze button.

In thinking the men who helped to
bring the encampment to Salt Lake,
Governor George A. Black should not
be forgotten—and he will not. He con-
tributed a very valuable service—both
then, and to the end of the meeting.

Free baths were given many old sol-
diers at the Y. M. C. A. And that was
one of the many little things which
helped to win favor for Salt Lake in
the estimation of the veterans.

Five theaters filled to the doors every
night is a record of which any city of
a hundred thousand may well be proud.
And that is what Salt Lake has seen
in the week just closing. Furthermore,
the people who attended the shows re-
port themselves as mightily pleased.

Here is a funny thing: Two different
men declare they were cured of eczema
by their bath in the lake. That is a
new one. But it may be a suggestion
of value.

Throughout the week strangers have
kept off the open end of street car plat-
forms. So that it becomes evident the
fellow who forgets to leave "gangway"
is a local character—and ought to be
suppressed.

Good pictures of the living flag should
be on sale in a day or two. That was
a spectacle never to be forgotten.

MUSIC IN SAND AND STONE.

Scientists Explain Apparently Super-
natural Sounds.

(Philadelphia Record.)
Shine at the top—bell sounds.
You can tell the time, and you will tell.
The person with ready money seldom is
without a red.

With a first-class cook, all things
work together for good.

The top's favorite song is not "Drink
to the lady," but "I'm a soldier." And
even in this land of plenty, there are
plenty of people who never have plenty.
People who are poor, and who are poor
should stay away from the Cannibal
islands.

All the ships have steers, but that's not
saying that they are all cattle ships.
The undertaker with unpaid bill seems
to know something about dead losses.
Fried W. R. Trunk a tone like that of
those they buy at the comb counter.
The Englishman who says "My word!"
is not always the one who is taken at
his word.

The beauty dealer, in order to have a
handsome income, is to make the best
of some day's customers.

Even dull witted persons are likely to
see the point when they sit down on a
bomb.

You may be light on your feet and still
not travel a path of brilliancy.

People who have a coolness between
them ought to be glad to make up and
break the ice. Weather is not
Dreams go by the contraries, they say.
And, therefore, it would seem
It is not anything out of the way
To call a woman a dream.

was like that produced by a wet finger
rubbed on the rim of a wine glass, and
when the sand arrived at the foot of the
mountain it made a noise like thunder,
which shook the rocks on which the
traveler sat and so terrified the camels
that it was difficult to hold them. This
description is so similar to that of the
singing sands of Hawaii, that the pres-
ence of hollow grains of sand would
account for the phenomena of Sanai as
well as for the other. But Schubert
writes: "The Diebel Nakus, or Bell
mountain, 100 feet high, is composed of
sandstone boulders loosely thrown to-
gether and covered with loose sand.
When disturbed by the foot this sand
falls into the interstices between the
rocks, producing a sound that resem-
bles a distant chime of bells and ter-
minates in a roar." From this it ap-
pears that the falling of the sand be-
tween the boulders is at least a con-
tributory cause of the sound, and it may
account for the whole phenomenon, even
if the grains of sand are solid. Accord-
ing to Schubert, the bedouins believe
that the sounds come from the bells of
a ruined Christian monastery.

Sounds of a very different character
of origin are emitted by certain rocky
cliffs in the Harz mountains and in the
Pyrenees. Two precipitous cliffs in the
Harz, near Schierke, are called "The
Snorers," from the peculiar sounds
which the southwest wind draws from
them. The faces of these cliffs are
marked by deep gullies, which roughly
resemble organ pipes open in front, and
occasionally the front is practically
closed by a stratum of air held motion-
less between the cliff and the trees
which grow on it, while the wind blows
freely through the gullies. Similar phe-
nomena, behind. Similar phenomena, due
probably to a similar cause, are ob-
served on Mount Maladetta, in the Py-
renees, where at sunrise certain cliffs
emit a plaintive sound, which resembles
that of a harp, and are known locally
as "the matins of the damned."

Singing stones of a third category
are found in various parts of the world.
Frasa, journeying from the Red sea to
the Nile, saw round the foot of the
inch in diameter, resembling a
shell, split off, with a peculiar sound,
from a flint which lay baking in the
hot sun at his feet. This observation
is very remarkable, and perhaps unique,
for flints split gradually as a rule, but
the violent and noisy rupture of the last
bond under the influence of the sun's
rays and in the presence of an observer
does not seem impossible. Broken
flints are common in the desert. Many
persons have heard the noise caused by
similar fractures of hard rocks and
have seen the fragments roll down
mountain slopes. Behn writes of the
basalt columns of the Benangwa hills,
in South Africa: "In the evening,
after a hot day, it was not unusual to
hear the basalt crack and fall with a
peculiar ringing sound, from which the
natives inferred that the rock con-
tained much iron." Here we undoubt-
edly find the most frequent cause of the
singing of stones and the explanation
does not seem impossible.

Phenomena are most conspicuous in
hard rocks, which ring under the ham-
mer, and especially in basalt and granite.
They have been observed most
frequently in Egypt, Jolios, Devillers
and the younger Chamberlain at Assuan
heard ringing, cracking sounds issuing
from the huge granite block of the
great temple of Karnak. Similar sounds
have been heard in the temple at Philae
and in the granite columns at Assuan.
Interesting in this connection is Hum-
boldt's description of the musical tones
of the Orinoco. These are granite clus-
ters, situated at the confluence of the
Orinoco with the Rio Meta, which oc-
casionally, according to various travelers,
emit at sunrise sounds which resemble
the tones of an organ. Humboldt, who
did not hear the sounds, explained them
as a result of the diurnal layer, heat
ature between the cool morning air
and the air contained in the numerous
very deep and narrow fissures of the
rock, which still retained much of the
heat of the day. Humboldt stated that
he often found the surface of the
rock, at night, 20 degrees Fahr-
heit warmer than the air outside, and
the tones of an organ, and tones
which are heard when the ear is placed
on the rock" were caused by the out-
rushing of warm air through the narrow
fissures which are partially obstructed
by the laminae of mica.

The French explorers in Egypt, on the
other hand, attribute the sounds which
they heard, not to air currents, but to
the sudden displacements occurring
between the layers of the rock, which
they assume that the sun's rays heat
quickly by the sun's rays, separates
from the deeper and colder layers. Ro-
zicre speaks of the formation and ex-
plosion of cracks between harder and
softer rocks. Corder assumes a com-
bination of quartz and other crystals from
the surrounding magma, and finds an
analogy in the sound emitted by ice ex-
posed to sudden changes in tempera-
ture. He assumes that the same phe-
nomena to the cracking of an iron gate
when heated.

All these conceptions and analogies
are legitimate, but it is very doubtful
whether they are adequate. For we are
not here dealing with sounds which are
heard only "when the ear is laid on the
rock." In Karanac and Philae the
sounds have attracted the attention of
visitors, and have been heard by many
of them. Corder admits that many little
cracks would be required to produce the
sound. To me it appears more likely
that a fragment of stone becomes de-
tached from the rock, and falls. This
supposition accounts for the ringing
quality of the sound. Possibly, however,
a similar sound might be produced
by an internal fracture.

BUBBLES.
Philadelphia Bulletin.
Shine at the top—bell sounds.
You can tell the time, and you will tell.
The person with ready money seldom is
without a red.
With a first-class cook, all things
work together for good.
The top's favorite song is not "Drink
to the lady," but "I'm a soldier." And
even in this land of plenty, there are
plenty of people who never have plenty.
People who are poor, and who are poor
should stay away from the Cannibal
islands.
All the ships have steers, but that's not
saying that they are all cattle ships.
The undertaker with unpaid bill seems
to know something about dead losses.
Fried W. R. Trunk a tone like that of
those they buy at the comb counter.
The Englishman who says "My word!"
is not always the one who is taken at
his word.
The beauty dealer, in order to have a
handsome income, is to make the best
of some day's customers.
Even dull witted persons are likely to
see the point when they sit down on a
bomb.
You may be light on your feet and still
not travel a path of brilliancy.
People who have a coolness between
them ought to be glad to make up and
break the ice. Weather is not
Dreams go by the contraries, they say.
And, therefore, it would seem
It is not anything out of the way
To call a woman a dream.

AN ADMONITION.
(Washington Star.)
Oh, Mars, when we exchange remarks,
As wise men say that we are sure to do,
Pray heed this early warning. Do not
say:
"Hello, there! Is it hot enough for
you?"

FAMILIAR TASTE.

(Chicago News.)
Farmer Ryeport—You seem to enjoy
the fresh vegetables.

Summer Boarder—Yes, it is an acquired
taste. You get them from the same store
in town that we do.

Z. C. M. I. Will Remain Open Until 8:30 Tonight

Great Third Off Waist Sale

Lace trimmed---embroidery trimmed---plain tucked---open
front---open back---Dutch necks and regular necks---lots of
large sizes. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$6.00, special,

ONE-THIRD OFF

Kimonos Third Off Ladies' Handbags

Entire line of long and Splendid assortment---the
short Kimonos and Dressing new styles in goat seal and
Sacques in lawns and dimi- genuine seal in black and
ties, your choice now at tan. Prices range from
One-Third off. \$1.50 to \$18.50

Genuine Navajo Blankets 20% off in Carpet Department.

Special Prices on Vudor Porch Shades



OUR DRUG STORE IS AT
112-114 SOUTH MAIN ST.

America in the Philippines

XIII—"THE LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS."

By Frederic J. Haskin.

Manila.—Our little brown brother, the
Filipino, is the perplexing feature of the
situation in the Philippines. Opinions
concerning him and the matter of his
"brotherhood" vary widely, while his
own opinions of the Americans are
contradictory and not altogether com-
plimentary. In Manila the great ma-
jority of Americans are willing at this
time to join in the chorus of "that
famous song written by an anonymous
soldier, declaring:

"He may be a brother of William H.
Taft."

But he ain't no brother of mine!"
However, there are other Americans
in the Philippines, the majority of those
connected with the civil government,
who believe that the educational work, who
praise the Filipino unreservedly. One
who listens impartially to all sides of
this much mooted question must in-
evitably arrive at the conclusion that
the difference is altogether in the point
of view.

The soldier cannot forget, nor can he
be expected to forget, the fact that the
Filipino insurrection was a treacherous
and cruel foe. The massacres and dan-
gers, the pitfalls and holes, the atroc-
ious cruelty to prisoners and the utter
disrespect for the rules of civilized war-
fare which marked the military history
of the Filipino insurgents will never be
blotted out from the minds of the
American soldiers who served in the in-
sular campaigns. Nor will the present
generation of Filipinos forget that the
American soldiers were sometimes
tempted to reprisals in kind, nor will
they forget the fact that the same
charges they charge to American respon-
sibility, devastated their lands and re-
duced them to poverty.

Therefore one hears the soldiers in the
Philippines, especially the younger ones,
complaining bitterly against the civil
government, declaring that the
military rule was ended two decades
too soon, swearing that the government
is spoiling the Filipino by coddling him,
and asserting that the Filipino will
never be good for anything until he is
radical view is reflected in the conver-
sation of many Manila business men,
some of whom were formerly in the
army. The same position is taken by
that type of man, the Filipino who
believes that education of the lower
classes means ruin for the upper classes,
he esteeming himself as one of the chief
supports of the "top-side" crowd.

Very few of those who take the radical
view of the Filipino are actually ac-
quainted with any Filipinos except in
the capacity of servants or enemies in
battle. They complain that their serv-
ants insist on going to night school
six times a week, and that the same
day that the Filipino doesn't want
education and it is a sin to waste
money on him. The gravamen of their
complaint, however, is the statement
which one hears scores of times every
day in Manila: "The Filipino will not
work."

Undoubtedly that complaint may be
supported by tons of testimony, and yet
it is not altogether and absolutely just-
ified by the facts. The Filipino will
work as hard as a Chinese, or a Japanese,
or a Hindu. He never has made of him-
self a beast of burden, and he objects
to any effort to place him in that class.
For centuries, while the people of China
and Japan and India have been tilling
the land with their own muscle, and
bearing their burdens on their own
backs, the Filipinos have used cattle to
draw their plows and carts to carry
their burdens. It does not occur to the
Filipino farmer to eat from the land
of the Chinese and hitch his wife and
daughter to the plow.

Furthermore, it isn't necessary for
the Filipino to work very hard. He
lives in a land where he can obtain
practically enough to eat from the land
of the Chinese and hitch his wife and
daughter to the plow. He never has made of him-
self a beast of burden, and he objects
to any effort to place him in that class.
For centuries, while the people of China
and Japan and India have been tilling
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bearing their burdens on their own
backs, the Filipinos have used cattle to
draw their plows and carts to carry
their burdens. It does not occur to the
Filipino farmer to eat from the land
of the Chinese and hitch his wife and
daughter to the plow.

Again, the educated Filipino has been
absorbing Spanish ideas for many gen-
erations. From that source he ob-
tained the notion that manual labor
was disgraceful to an educated person.
Hence a Filipino who could read and
write would not soil his hands with any

work that was not of a clerical charac-
ter. It will require a long time to elimi-
nate this notion from the minds of the
Filipinos. They share it in common
with the peoples of the Latin nations
of Europe and with our cousins of Eng-
land. A college-bred man may work in
a machine shop in the United States
and nothing will be said of it. But it
is only in the United States that such a
condition exists. In time the Filipino
will be brought to the American idea,
perhaps. Already the boys and girls